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Northern Review

of Writing and the Arts in Canada

- **SIX POEMS**
  BY W. W. E. ROSS
- **THE FUNERAL HOME**
  FROM A NOVEL
  BY ETHEL WILSON
- **ON CANADIAN ART CRITICISM**
  BY ANDREW BELL

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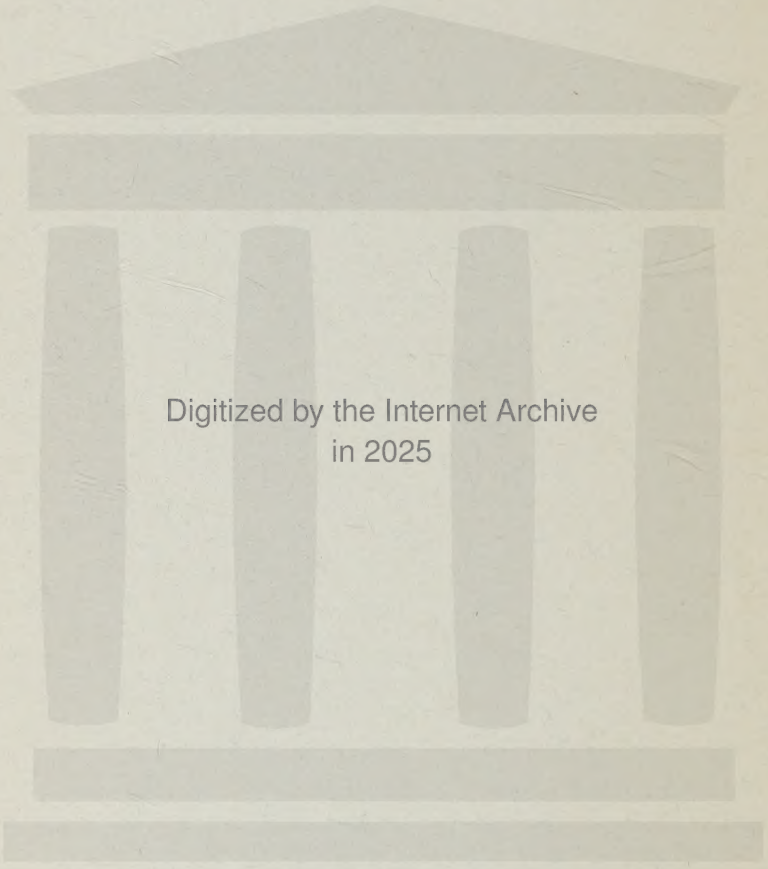
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Northern Review

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Continuing *THE CANADIAN REVIEW OF MUSIC AND ART, PREVIEW* and *FIRST STATEMENT.*

Announcement

Many of our readers will remember *The Canadian Review of Music and Art,* the magazine which appeared in Toronto during the forties. It ceased publication in 1946 shortly before the death of its accomplished editor, Louis Corriveau. Through the generosity of Lorne Pierce, who purchased the assets of the magazine from Corriveau's executor, we have become the owner of the copyright and other property of *The Review.* We shall send two issues of *Northern Review* to each of the former readers of *The Review* whose subscriptions were incomplete : we welcome them to our audience, and we hope they enjoy the magazine. It is a privilege to be associated with *The Canadian Review,* which did so much to assist the Canadian artist under Corriveau's courageous direction. We would like to express our gratitude to Lorne Pierce, whose enthusiasm and support have encouraged us on many occasions, for making the amalgamation possible. His memoir of Louis Corriveau appears below.

The Editors

LOUIS DE BESSER CORRIVEAU (1888-1949)

In taking over the copyright, as well as other tangible and intangible assets of *The Canadian Review of Music and Art, The Northern Review* would like to make special mention of the magazine and its moving spirit, Louis de Besser Corriveau. Louis Corriveau had no coat of arms, although we are told that he was descended from noble French blood; had he a crest it might well have borne the legend *Et Militavi,* for he was a happy warrior and died fighting.

He was born of French Canadian parents at West Hoboken, New Jersey, U.S.A., February 1, 1888. There was some Scottish blood in his veins, which, together with his Norman French, made him dauntless and stubborn in any undertaking to which he set his hand and heart. His early education was continued at Kingston College, Rhode Island, and when sixteen he attended the Art Students' League, New York. Louis Corriveau owed this latter good fortune to his uncle and godfather, a silk manufacturer who came from France to New York and took special interest in the lad. Later on he returned to Canada continuing his art career and indulging his interest in music. In

1910 he was presented with a bronze medal by the Archbishop of Montreal for the best drawing of the Monument National. He accepted private commissions, doing pen and ink sketches, water colours, crayon drawings of master composers and others, and derived his chief income from commercial art concerns and advertising agencies. From 1930 to 1935 Louis Corriveau was in charge of an art school in the Laurentians at Montfait. The building was destroyed by fire, and his left hand was so badly burned that he was unable to play the violin again. That was a tragic loss to one good enough to play in Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, and marked a turning point in his career. The last years of his life were spent in Toronto, where he continued his association with the art and display departments of advertising concerns, and from 1942 to 1946 was the founder, editor and publisher of *The Canadian Review of Music and Art.*

The first number of *The Review* appeared in April, 1942. The Editor was Christopher Wood, his Assistant Godfrey Ridout, the Business Manager Norman M. Dunn, and the Advertising Manager Louis Corriveau. The leading editorial declared that the fight was on, the battle for freedom, for civilization itself. "For freedom . . . is not in itself a good, but only a means to a good. We are fighting with all our might to keep this means. It is to the artists we must turn in order to find out what to do with it." By December Corriveau was Managing Editor, and from then on he literally gave everything he had, all his money, time, and in the end life itself, to what he regarded as an essential service to Canada, an apostolate, a great dedication in behalf of Canadian culture.

Printers have to be paid, but for the rest, through his own enthusiasm, charm and drive he gathered about him an amazing amount of talent and all of it gratis. Subscribers were coy. Periodicals devoted to music in Canada have had short lives; those devoted to letters in Canada have had a precarious existence. The Canadian public, in spite of claims about its growing maturity, is strangely incurious about ideas, and has no medium for the free and unbiased discussion of ideas outside the university quarterlies and one or two others of pitifully small circulation.

Perhaps this *Memorabilia* to Louis Corriveau should indicate, even though briefly, some of the names of those who wrote for him — Christopher Wood, Marcus Adeney, John Adaskin, Dorothy Livesay, John Coulter, Arnold Walter, Nicholas Hornyanski, Ettore Mazzolini, E. J. Pratt — but the roll of honour is much too long to list here.

And what did *The Review* have to say? It urged a Canadian theatre and a native opera. It never ceased to plead for Canadian arts and crafts. It gave a place of honour to Canadian poetry, to Canadian muisc and musicians, both sacred and secular. It gave brief and interesting vignettes of leading creative spirits in music, art and literature in Canada. It championed a Ministry of Culture for Canada; urged early training in the arts for Canadian children; interpreted new movements in the arts; demanded a closer liaison between industry and art; fought for community centres and a new and vital community life for Canada; and sounded the advance for a community theatre.

Early in its short life Corriveau's *Review* had this to say: "*The Canadian Review* is still experimental as to form and substance, but objectives are quite definite. It is designed to show Canadians the need for the arts in everyday life . . . " In 1944 he returned to the charge. The arts and crafts must be recognized as a vital part of the Canadian economy. Children must be trained in the arts and crafts as part of their inheritance. To advance the arts and crafts would be a chief objective of *The Review,* and to interpet artists and craftsmen to the Canadian public would be a constant aim.

The Review was printed on costly stock, and each issue contained many expensive halftones, portraits of people who were accomplishing things, reproductions of paintings, handcraft work and so on. Some of the artists and their work who appeared in *The Review,* along with interesting comment, were the following: J. W. Beatty, Tom Thomson, Lawren Harris, Nicholas Hornyanski, A. Y. Jackson, F. H. Varley, A. J. Casson, Maurice Cullen, J. W. Morrice, Suzor-Côté, Frank Hennessey, Alphonse Jongers, J. W. G. Macdonald, Robert Holmes, Henri Masson, Jack Bush, Winchell Price, R. York Wilson, George Broomfield and others, including a never-ending series of sketches and illustrations dealing with handcrafts and craftsmen.

In the last issue of *The Review,* October-November, 1946, Louis Corriveau wrote in his editorial: "It is not the whole story of current artistic activity in Canada, but in future issues we will bring you more." It was not to be. Revenue failed, renewals failed, and health gave way. He would have liked a home, with children, with music in it, and art of course, but in the end he buried himself in this magazine, giving everything he had, but it was apparently not enough. He wrote his heart out in English, and then did an audacious thing; he published some of his best pieces in both English and French side by side. It had never been done before in Canada, saying the same thing twice

over in the two leading languages of Canada, so that all might hear and understand. He not merely interpreted the English point of view to the French and the French to the English, but he said the same thing to both, calling out like a Hildebrand to a new crusade. And imagine the audacity of it, addressing his "Lettre Ouverte aux Gens d'Ontario." An open letter to the people of Ontario in French! Calling "Réveillez vous!" to the people of Ontario, telling them in French to wake up! Is not that magnificent? I salute the spirit of my old friend Louis Corriveau. May his gallant spirit go marching on.

Lorne Pierce.

W. W. E. ROSS

Six Poems

THE SUMMONS

"Waken from your sleep
Though your sleep be deeper
Than the ocean's depth
Waken, heavy sleeper,
Waken from your sleep.

"Rise and greet the morning
Coming from the East
No time this for mourning
Summoned to a feast
Rise and greet the morning.

"Though your sleep be deep —
Dreams will not awaken —
One with touch as weak
As a thin reed shaken
Wakes you from your sleep.

"Waken from your sleep
Waken, heavy sleeper,
Though your dream be lost
In the sink of Lethe
Waken from your sleep.

"So do not despair
Of the upper air
And the visionary
Throng in regions airy —
Waken from your sleep.

"All is not yet lost
All can not be lost
Though your sleep be deep
In wave of memories tossed
Waken from your sleep.

"Till the break of day
Find you far away —
Dreams cannot withhold —
Waken from your sleep
Though your sleep be deep.

"Waken from your sleep.
No pity on the weeper !
Though your sleep be deeper
Than the depth of Night
Waken from your sleep !"

VISITANT

If a spirit nightly come
From regions beyond air,
How shall it know its old home,
Descend a darkened stair ?

How shall it know if lamps are lit ?
How can it surely tell —
By sympathy remember it ? —
The ancient humble spell

Of things familiar long before
In the once well-known house ?
How shall it pass the fast-barred door
Or patiently arouse

The sleepers sleeping in their beds,
Laid out in level wise
With eyes close-fixed within their heads,
Unready for surprise

Of an unearthly visitant
Attempting to draw near
Who must continue hesitant,
As with a tinge of fear.

In old surroundings become strange
Through time and distance too,
And by the acid bite of change
Dimmed in the spirit's view ?

Though spirit eye may range the sky
It cannot earthward move
Save on the bridge of sympathy
And long-enduring love.

GLIMPSE

Yours is that voice, that tone I hear
When in my inmost rarest dream ;
Yours is the face I see appear
In that mysterious gleam.

I hear you speak and often too
I answer feebly. In a land
Of strange dissolving unreal view
There in the light you stand

A moment only, then are gone
While I awake to ponder till
I sleep again what I alone
Have seen and heard and ponder still.

THE CREEK

The creek, shining,
Out of the deep woods
Comes with its rippling of
Water over the pebbly bottom,
Moving between
Banks crowded with raspberry
Bushes, the ripe red
Berries in their short season
To deepen slowly
Among tall pines, athletes in
The wind, then the swampy
Ground low-lying and damp
Where sunlight strikes
Glints on the gliding surface
Of the clear cold
Creek winding towards the shore
Of the lake, blue,
Not far through reeds and rushes,
Where with a plunge, a small
Waterfall, it disappears
Among the waves
Hastening from far to meet
The stranger the stream issuing
From depths of green unknown.

VIEW

From a hilltop in the spring
I saw woods and valleys green
With new foliage, glistening
Streams winding in between

Meadows soft to walk upon,
Deep with fresh grass, golden too
With the dense-grouped dandelion,
Flames breaking patch-wise through

From inner suns beneath the soil.
In those woods, I knew, were hidden
Many wild birds, musical,
To the eye of man forbidden

But not to the ear, for often when
A silence holds the carrier air,
Listening, and yet again,
I have heard the music there.

THE SPRING

We hear the spring from far across the lake
There, invisible, for when silence holds
All — and the evening too —
The ear extends its view

Deep into regions not attained by day
Now opening to the searching heedful ear
Which presently has found
That source of spreading sound.

The ear is awakened to subtlest inner tones
And the wideness of the world is opened too.
It knows a flow begun
Under an earlier sun,

And it is attuned to beauty in delicate sound
As seldom in the noisier light of the day,
Aware now of the spring
As a more audible thing.

Stepping into a boat we may set out
To find the spring, following by the murmur
In darkness growing more
Toward the farther shore.

As we draw near, over the evening lake,
In the hush the sound is more audible than before
But unintelligible,
Not understood well

As of some creature held in a spell and striving
To be free of that bondage, impotent however,
And uttering a complaint
Although its means are faint,

As if attempting to speak and not succeeding
But strangled in utterance, making that utterance vain;
Yet only brief must be
This disability

Of words enchanted to meaninglessness, yet once
Filled with meaning, and perhaps once again
These syllables of fire
To meaning may aspire,

Be understood. Ours is the lack of hearing.
Our ear will hear again and there will be joy
Among the dwellers round
This source of secret sound,

That once again, after long interval, —
Ours is the error; we cannot comprehend —
We again may understand
The springs beneath the land.

The Funeral Home

Ethel Wilson

The Funeral Home is a selection from a novel-in-progress by Ethel Wilson, the author of *Hetty Dorval* and *The Innocent Traveller.*

The hot sun was setting, and Mort felt very much at peace as he followed his friend Pork into the side door of the funeral home. A young man in black with a gentle demeanour approached Pork and gave him some instructions, pointing here and there, taking Pork into an inner office and showing him something, and then taking him into another room and showing him something else, and Pork received his nightly instructions, and nodded and said "Yes Mr. Pontifex, I certainly will. No Mr. Pontifex, I certainly won't. Well I don't think she can have left that neckpiece in the chapel because I'd have found it last night when I was cleaning, but I'll have another look and if I see it I'll give her a ring, and if I hear anything from the Pinkham family I'll let you know."

All this time Mort effaced himself from the conversation and stood with a great deal of interest in a very handsome kind of parlour lavishly upholstered and hung and carpeted in an anonymous tasteless fashion. There was nothing to induce reverence in this room, but Mort felt a kind of reverence stealing over him like a scent.

The sun, at that time of the year, goes down suddenly, and then it is night before you know it. Pork began turning lights on in various places and this of itself changed the autumn afternoon into night in a funeral home. The young man in black with the gentle demeanour came through the reception parlour with his things on. He nodded kindly to Mort who wondered Does he think I'm one of the relatives, and went out into the street, closing the outside door after him with a soft click. Pork seemed to be somewhere else.

Mort thought Well I might as well sit down, so he tried a rocking chair as he was partial to rocking chairs. Not a twinge of thought reminded him — at least hardly a twinge — that he should have been home to supper long ago. The gentle influence of the beer, and Pork, and the funeral home, had the assuaging effect on him —

and on his angel — of a warm beach on a starred summer night, or of a soft bed on Sunday morning. You do not want to leave it; it is good enough for you.

After a time the door of the reception parlour opened and Pork came in. He was wearing a janitor's overalls and he had a small fur neck-piece in his hand. He said, "Just wait till I put this in the office." When he returned he said, "D'you want to see something?"

Mort nodded. He was pleasantly apprehensive. He had — years ago — seen death many times and in many forms, but this was different. "Is it a stiff?" he asked.

Pork seemed a little shocked. "It wouldn't be my place to show you that . . ." he said, and Mort said, "Of course not." They went along a lighted hall and then they went up a finely carpeted flight of stairs. There was a door. Pork opened the door wide, went inside, clicked lights on, stepped back, and said, "Well, what do you think of *that* . . ."

Mort went in.

"Well whaddaya know!" he said.

The coffins stood row behind row in a large oval space; nothing in the room but coffins. Majestic and inescapable they stood, waiting all together. Mort felt stunned by the sudden silent sight of all these coffins. In this room the fact of mortality was delivered straight with a hammer blow, and there was no evasion. There seemed to Mort to be hundreds of coffins. There were only forty-two. Every taste, except those concerned with doom and shape, every aesthetic taste, was catered for. Mort snatched off his hat, which he had put on again, with a vague feeling of reverence for the dead.

"Well well well whaddaya know," he said again to the coffins in general; and Pork watched his friend, and was gratified with Mort's response.

Mort's eyes began to differentiate between the coffins. Some were open, some were closed, some were half open, some were certainly for the ladies. All seemed to be lined with lavish crinkles of satin arranged by a master. This was nice.

"I guess there'd be quite a bit of money tied up in them coffins," he enquired, turning to Pork, "they'd be worth quite a bit?"

"Caskets," corrected Pork.

"Well they're coffins to me. But they sure are pretty!" He advanced towards the coffins, tip-toeing uneasily, vigorous but subdued among their horizontal shapes.

A bell whirred somewhere. Pork turned and left, saying "I'll be back." Mort heard him going down the stairs. He began to move from coffin to coffin. He stood and pondered each one. They became less dreadful. He began to enjoy himself. He began to choose his pick.

I guess by the looks these would all be for society people, he thought as he surveyed them. There didn't seem to be a plain working man's coffin in the lot. He was divided between a forbidding box covered with elephant gray and lined with off-white, and a fine job covered with purple brocaded velours and lined with heliotrope satin. Either of these coffins was suited to a certain aspect of Mort's temperament, but he preferred the richness of the purple. There'd be some satisfaction in being buried in something like that. If he wasn't afraid of Pork coming back he'd get in, just for the feel, but he knew Pork wouldn't like it. He now thought of Myrtle. He would choose one for her. After some difficulty and much sticking out of his lower lip and pinching his chin, he chose a coffin prettily lined with shining blue, and stood over it, looking down. He became sentimental, and then he became unhappy. He became luxuriously unhappy, and mysteriously elevated. He looked down into the soft blue satin and — plain as day — he saw Myrt lying there. This, then, was really the end of everything. This was what we come to; and then — no more; this — and no other. He saw Myrt's thin occasionally pretty face with its well known look, the eyelids closed; and the circumstances of Myrt's death and funeral rose and encompassed him. Easy tears filled his eyes and he dried them with the back of his hand. He thought I haven't always been so good to Myrt as I ought to been, though God knows she'd drive you mad the way she acts sometimes but I bet I'll be sawry sometime for the things I done. Mort was softening up considerably so his angel took advantage of this to start the thought that he'd better not stay here thinking up funerals when nobody was even dead, and he'd better get home to supper because Myrt would be mad. Mort took one more look at Myrtle in her coffin, but she had faded, so he tiptoed noisily to the door, and went out with a farewell look at all the beautiful coffins (I'd sure like to pick one for Horse Macdonald with splinters in), closed the door quietly and met Pork on the landing.

"I certainly enjoyed that," said Mort in his pleasant hoarse voice, "I never seen such a sight before! That sure was a very interesting sight . . . I must be getting along home or there'll be hell popping.

Now looka here, Pork, you come around and see the wife and me one of these days. Mind you do. Come any time, any time . . . " and Mort waved his big hands this way and that, welcoming Pork in.

"I sure will, I sure will," said Pork heartily. "Would ya like a few flowers for the wife? There some fine gladiolusses come too late today and I can't do nothing but throw 'em out."

"*Would* I!" said Mort gratefully and thought to himself Say if that isn't a break! Myrt'll be crazy about the flowers; she'll forget all about me coming in late.

Pork led the way to back premises where there were mops and brooms and pails and a heap of flowers, some fresh, some faded. "If you look among these," said Pork, bending down, "you'll find plenty fresh. The cards is off. They're all in sprays and wreaths and it's no good sending 'em to hospitals . . . You break off the good ones and take 'em along home. I'll only have to throw 'em out anyway," and the two men went down on their hunkers and fumbled clumsily amongst the flowers — chiefly, as Pork had said, gladiolusses — and by selection and rejection and careful breaking-off, Mort got a bunch of real nice flowers, although some of the stems were short. He was pleased.

"Well it certainly has been fine seeing you again Pork, you sure must come around . . . " and in his mind Mort began seeing his old friend nearly every day. "Thanks for the *bokay*," he said, turning it about admiringly, "my wife's crazy about flowers. She sure will be pleased. Well, I'll be seeing you," and Pork let Mort out into the dark street and said goodbye again several times, and Pork went back into the funeral home and shut the door, and Mort went down the street with his manly slightly rolling gait, and got on a street car and paid his fare and sat down and looked at his pretty flowers.

The street car rollicked along, and the queer thing was that the nearer he got to home the more the mist of good feeling and good fellowship and personal virtue cleared away, and left Mort facing his near and inevitable arrival home to the two rooms and to Myrtle who would be at one of her stages — either not pleased, mad, or very mad. However, he had the flowers. He looked at the flowers and saw to his surprise that they had begun to have a used appearance.

Painting

Andrew Bell

ON CANADIAN ART CRITICISM

Of art criticism in the serious sense there is of course little in Canada. Our larger newspapers review the exhibitions, but, with one or two welcome exceptions, their accounts are news stories with small attention to any analytical appraisal. The emphasis is educational — informing the public who is in the Show and what is what in subject matter — rather than cultural, which involves passing judgment on the paintings in the perspective of aesthetic standards. There is in fact a good case for enquiring: why discuss Canadian art criticism when what you have to go on is comparatively inconsequential.

Two important considerations militate against such an approach. The body of criticism may be slender, but nonetheless it is the operative element in the shaping of our attitudes about Canadian painting. Obviously not everyone has his mind made up for him by the critic. Quite enough are influenced, however, to make the latter a force to be reckoned with in the formulation of our tastes. And because a great deal of this criticism is somehow out of step with the principles applicable to critical writing elsewhere in the western world there is, I suggest, good cause to mull the matter over.

Let me cite a hypothetical situation. That latest canvas by Louis St. Laurent is incontrovertibly the finest Canadian painting ever done, and in expressing this view I do not exclude the fine paintings by Mackenzie King, Aberhart, or for that matter even those sensitive and charming sketches by Mayor Camillien Houde. Consequently, the St. Laurent canvas is very fine indeed — among the great world pictures — imparting a welcome new sheen to Canadian painting. Now so far as I am aware, none of these gentlemen has ever put brush to canvas. I simply use their names to avoid those invidious comparisons which the citing of bona fide Canadian painters might incur. For the

point I essay is of a totally different sort, and I want no red herrings to clutter up the path.

It is so I think with all our criticism. Whether the subject be a Canadian composition of music, a Canadian novel or painting, the usual practise is to set up as the absolute standard, the full test of bad good or excellent, a comparing of the work against other examples of Canadian creation, as opposed to creation generally. Thus that canvas by Louis St. Laurent is adjudged first-class, simply because the reviewer prefers it to its native predecessors. There is scant evocation of contemporary foreign work or of those principles of art bearing the seal of history. In short, as I see it, a parochial quality perilously pervades our criticism, forgetful that artistic creation transcends national boundaries.

Not much reflection is required to appreciate where these blinkered appraisals may lead. Canadian painting is enthroned as the supreme arbiter, and since the work of Mr. X seems a distinct improvement on that of Mr. Y the impression is conveyed that the spiral of our artistic achievement is forever upward. That may be so: naturally I fervently hope it is. But the application of exclusively Canadian measures of value hardly seems the best way to be certain. Rather the only sure consequence is a kind of artistic inflation well-calculated to debase sooner or later our whole cultural coinage.

After all it is not as if our painters were functioning in a vacuum with only earlier examples of Canadian painting to give them light. They are the heirs, like painters everywhere, of the entire history of art. They are too, to the full degree to which they choose, interested observers of contemporary forces in painting. There are, for instance, several painters in Montreal who acknowledge with pride their debt to the great of modern France and aesthetically 'know not' the Group of Seven. Then other contemporary Canadian painters have been substantially influenced by recent work in the United States and Britain. Freshness, perception, technical capacity, foremost original power: these are the qualities which in the final analysis determine the merit of a painting. But to get at the truth in such matters there has to be reference to the contributory influences. How can this possibly be when expressions of Canadian work only are weighed in rendering judgement!

Look at the situation from another angle. Pictures of the Group of Seven are not important simply because they are 'better' than their Canadian forerunners. The enduring consequence of the Group

contribution rests on other bases. Canada was no kind of English hedgerows and misty pastel distances; much of it is vivid-coloured, gaunt and bold. The Group recognized these facts, and with a technical approach utterly new, stated evocatively significant truths about the Canadian scene, just as a little earlier in time Cézanne had said original things concerning the look of France. In the interim people have begun to creep into our canvasses, and there are a substantial number of 'still-lifes' and abstractions in most exhibitions. Our critics laud this growing diversity of subject-matter. 'Look' they exclaim, 'how Canadian painting progresses. No more are our artists preoccupied just with the *face* of the land. Now all manner of subjects attract them.' This is true, and it is good. But wealth of subject matter does not of itself make for merit. How the picture is done, what it says are the elements of consequence. And only by appealing to international or cosmopolitan standards can we hope to secure a reasonably objective rating of Canadian work. The alternative is an inevitable lowering of our artistic sights, with resultant disservice to both public and artist.

Now please do not misunderstand me. I am not suggesting that our painting should look like the painting of any other country or period in art. Rather I agree with Jacques de Tonnancour that 'Canadian apples will inevitably grow on Canadian trees': even a dishonest artist would find it hard to suppress the forces which have surrounded him since birth. Canadian qualities will spontaneously reveal themselves, and my concern is simply that they should do so in a manner which will make the works acceptable by international standards. It is a portrait of a man: how does it compare with, say, a Rembrandt as a compelling delineation of character? It is a study of flowers: how does it measure up to similar Chinese subject matter as an expression of pure beauty? In the final analysis are not lesser measures of comparison inadequate to protect the public from the spurious, the artist from painting unworthy of his promise?

This parochial approach in our criticism has other manifestations; good hearted, well intended no doubt, but, I feel, ill-advised. Talk of Canadian painting tends to express itself in terms of art right across the country. That is because much of the criticism emerges out of reviews of national painting societies, or articles and a few books given over to a nation-wide survey. The sorry fact is, however, that while these appraisals may stress the best, the desire to bestow kindly pats on the heads of every Province is somehow overwhelming. *Can-*

adian Art is the only publication we have dedicated exclusively to the visual arts. No reasonable person would question either the importance of its mission or the integrity of its editors. Yet even here I sense a concern with national coverage to the detriment of aesthetic values. Criticism to be fully useful must lead. Is this happening if either in *Canadian Art,* or any national survey, there is an implicit suggestion important work is occuring from Atlantic to Pacific? Art publications in the United States and England do not include in every issue extended comment on Arkansas or the Midlands. Notice rather is focused on the big thoughts, the big happenings without reference to geographical location. And this I suggest is sound policy, since it screens out the mediocre and protects the valid.

So far I have joined issue with the critic: obviously presumptuous in a sense because I too write on art and I am aware that I do not, as the lawyers express it, 'come into court with clean hands'. I have frequently offended against my present strictures, and all I can plead in my defense is the eminently common-sense precept: set a thief to catch a thief. But this matter of criticism has another side — the attitude of our painters toward it. Here too I think there is a parochial approach which warrants an airing.

Painters and critics in Canada tend to know each other well, rather better I suspect than in some countries where populations are larger and the need of mutual sustaining is not so great. The consequences, however, are not always happy. For the temptation is to write for the artist; to essay to please him to the detriment of objectivity; and at the expense of one's first responsibility which is the general public. Criticism in the correct sense presupposes making every conceivable effort to understand artistic work 'in the round', (and there one's obligation to the painter ends) and the giving of absolutely detached — or should I say unattached? — judgments. The public looks to the critic for perspective and standards, and the latter is deficient in his duty, if he permits personal feelings to intervene. Were we to make international standards the yardstick of our criticism this anomaly would be largely corrected. Using other Canadian work as the measure makes for easy praise, and raises the constant bogey of invidious comparisons.

Obviously artists in every age and clime are sensitive people, but I sometimes wonder whether the susceptibilities of ours are not outsize. Let me give an example. Not long ago I did an article for *Canadian Art* on the state of Toronto painting. The job was distasteful,

because it meant saying that Toronto painting could, whatever the extenuating circumstances, be better. Briefly the argument ran thus: technical competence abounded in Toronto. In terms of capacity to draw and paint there were no insurmountable deficiencies. The disabilities were of another sort — painters were allowing the thrall of the Group of Seven to shut out original work, and they appeared to lack any important sense of artistic direction. Tactlessly I cited the names of three artists whom I felt transcended these shortcomings.

Laymen seemed to concur in these views. The artistic coterie, on the other hand (even though my observations were couched in the most general of terms) with only the fewest exceptions took the strongest kind of personal umbrage. All were certain that I had him or her specifically in mind. Of course this was not so: rather I was pondering the general absence of fresh, strong work. The critic if he is worth his salt, will be catholic in his tastes, each new day dedicating himself to openness of mind. He will not say unpleasant things unless he is certain they appear constructive, but then he must; he will keep his detachment about him like a cloak, and he must be accorded the right of some personal preferences. Living up to these principles is beyond most critics, though in my experience I have the impression they try. How shall I put it? A parochial quality afflicts our criticism, but it seems to be heavy also on our artists. To take personal offense at the attempt of the critic to provide honest, considered comment is biting the hand, which in every country, presumably does its best to feed. After all critical writing is just about the only form of disinterested publicity an artist has.

Disraeli once said that critics were people who would like to write or paint, but lacked the capacity. I recognize that, with this article, I lay myself open to an even more ignoble charge, that of being a frustrated critic. Whether this was true would depend on what was intended. I believe that the Canadian public is entitled to critical analysis which avoids both the narrow and the parochial. I consider that much of our contemporary work is acceptable under international standards and that it should be so judged. The alternative is a foreshortening of our artistic promise to the immeasurable loss of both painter and public.

Hunger

Dorothy Roberts

Mrs. Skinner moved along behind the occupants of the backless benches, and reaching over their shoulders with the tablespoon and the milk jug measured a spoonful of milk onto each grey mound of porridge. When she came to Mr. Skinner, who had the largest mound of porridge, he raised a large hand, palm outwards, "Not for me, thank you. There's a war on!" From his solid chair at the head he glared emphasis around the table, and the twelve children of the Skinner boarding school wriggled on the benches and began to unscrew the caps of their sugar ration jars.

Louder than the unscrewing of the jar caps came the smack of Mr. Skinner's first mouthful, which was always the first mouthful of breakfast because he ate porridge for patriotism and didn't delay for the frivolity of sugar. Like a signal to battle it came and the children's smaller spoons began to dip and shovel.

With a huddled little movement Mrs. Pavera, one of the two paying guests whom the Skinners couldn't resist squeezing in along with their school, slipped into her place on a hard chair near Mr. Skinner. She had come recently from London, away from the bombings, but it was long years in India had baked her skin so yellow and crinkly. She said in her low dry voice, "Just a small serving of porridge for me, please." The hungry children looked up in surprise at such a request.

Mrs. Pavera didn't put sugar on her porridge either. But she didn't have her sugar jar way out in front of her proclaiming her self-denial. She kept it close to the crook of her arm as she spooned her small serving of porridge into her crumpled mouth. And, unlike Mr. Skinner, she never unscrewed it for her tea either.

"But it's nearly empty," whispered the children along their squirming rows, and they began to crane and peer. In their sight it was never opened, yet by the end of the week when Mrs. Skinner measured the new ration, it was always empty. They couldn't help staring at her over their mugs of watery tea. But she never looked up, never looked around.

One child thought she knew what became of Mrs. Pavera's sugar, but she didn't tell the others because in a way she felt herself

in conspiracy with Mrs. Pavera. A girl of eleven, a little taller than the others, with an intense aliveness about her, she sat scraping from her plate the last grey smear of porridge. Several times, at his special request, she had carried to the other paying guest his afternoon cup of tea. He had taken it from her in his sinewy old hands and set it on the table beside his armchair in his own bed-sitting room where he ate all his meals. From the table shelf he had lifted a bottle of rum and his sugar jar, and when his tea was well spiked and sweetened he had urged into her eager mouth a heaping teaspoon of sugar. "Sweets to the sweet," he had said. "You're an enchanting little woman."

That's what became of Mrs. Pavera's sugar, Alice knew. She gave it to the old Colonel whom she had known in India. That's why he had so much. But she would never tell, for good things came secretly and she craved the sugar even more than she did the fruit she and the other children stole from over the neighbor's wall or the treacle they stole on the rare times they found the Skinner's larder unlocked. Good things came secretly, as she knew they did to Mrs. Skinner's own two children when their mother smuggled them extra tid-bits from the larder or the grown-ups supper table.

"Rise, children," said Miss Pringle who was Mrs. Skinner's sister and received only room and board for her efforts at teaching. And the children scrambled over the backless benches and filed away for a day that would never be quite free from visions of good food.

In the sunny heat of mid-afternoon the old Colonel returned from the brief walk that tired the back he held so martially erect. He paused on the path through the garden to watch the children at play, and his eyes under bushy grey brows followed only one of them as she darted and leapt and laughed and was life itself. When he went to his room and old Nellie Pavera knelt to unlace the shoes to which his back wouldn't let him bend, the vision of the girl kept dancing before his eyes and he looked down with disgust at the little head with its screw of grey hair bent low to his feet and the hands shrunken against webs of vein struggling ardently with the knotted laces. When she kissed his foot he winced and refused to remember when he had kissed her mouth.

He told her to tell Mrs. Skinner to send the child called Alice with his tea. Mrs. Skinner would of course, because he paid her well for his keep and money was what she wanted out of this war and

out of this world. She would know too that if he left so would Nellie Pavera. "Yes, yes, Colonel," she often said to him, "you've a right to your little enjoyments. We all know you did your bit in the old days." His bit and a bit more, and it was remembrance of the bit more wouldn't let him rest now.

In a few minutes the child came. She was carrying his cup of tea and slopping it a little with her irrepressible movements. She was something more than a child, and how much more he wasn't sure, and it haunted him, the thought of her budding under the short school dress. Her movements were like dancing water and her brown eyes shone and her lips were rosy.

He grunted a little with strain as he reached for the rum and the sugar. "Don't go," he said. "Wait . . . " He brimmed the cup of tea with rum and sugar, and parted his moustaches from his full mouth, and looked at her while he drank. The hot strong stuff spread through him and his eyes grew brighter.

He set the emptied cup on the table and took his sugar ration jar and filled the wet spoon and held it up for her. "You can sit on my knee," he said. And when she started to take the spoon from him he held to the handle, his powerful old hand against hers, and watched very closely while her mouth opened rosy and round and closed over the sugar. His own mouth pursed under the white moustaches.

She jumped up from his knee and seized the cup and remembering Mrs. Skinner poured the slop from the saucer back into the cup. She started for the door.

"Wait a minute," he said. Sometimes in looking at her he felt the years roll far back for him and a little forward for her. "Wait . . . I've an idea. Doesn't that old skinflint send you to bed before she and that bunch shut themselves up for a good supper? You come in here when they're eating and you can have all my pudding."

She didn't step back towards him, but she stopped in the middle of the floor and her eyes were like those of a woman taut with desire. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know if I dare. Mr. Skinner comes out into the hall to look around. I don't think I dare . . . "

"All my pudding . . . " he said. He saw her lips moisten and move. But she turned and ran, and a little later from his window he could see her in the garden running and leaping about in the sunlight.

Mrs. Skinner sent the children very early to bed in hopes that

they would sleep before they had time to get hungry again after their supper of treacle on bread. Then she and Mr. Skinner and Miss Pringle and Mrs. Pavera had their best meal of the day in the little dining room above the basement hall of breakfast and dinner. Mr. Skinner carried it to the Colonel in his own room.

Behind the blinds that couldn't keep out the insistence of lingering sunlight, the children couldn't stay in their beds. They scudded about the halls and leaned over the bannisters to listen with their mouths moistening to the clink and clatter of the grown-ups' supper. Suddenly the door of the dining room opened and those who leaned furthest could see Mrs. Skinner come out and turn towards the stairway.

They dodged back and hid behind the bedroom doors and peeped out and heard Mrs. Skinner's step, decisive yet secretive, come up the stairs, and saw her rise into the hallway holding two dishes of pudding. The pudding was yellow and looked both sticky and creamy. She passed along the hall to the bedroom at the far end where her two children slept and never scudded about the halls.

She closed their door behind her when she came out empty-handed and she looked about her as she passed back along the hall. When the door of the dining room closed behind her, the child Alice, in a long white nightgown and with bare light-stepping feet, leapt out from hiding. Her face was flushed and her eyes glittered. In a subdued hub-bub the other children whispered their wrath.

But they only ran and hissed through the door of the Skinner bedroom, and scudded back to watch with baited breath as Alice tiptoed down the stairs.

Feet urgent against creaking she went and opened the Colonel's door and entered in her long white nightgown.

"Ah," said the Colonial, " you *did* come. The pudding is waiting for you." But the pudding was on the lower shelf of his table beside the bottle of rum and the sugar jar. And he said hoarsely, "Come here, Little One. Close. Just a minute. There's just something I want to see first . . ."

He lifted her nightgown and saw that her breasts were just beginning, small pink things like pushing buds, and that her hips were rounding, and that her flesh was milk white and firm and there was no hair on her yet. He saw a lifetime of women.

He gave her the pudding. And she took the spoon herself and standing back from him ate it in lingering licks, her eyes half-veiled and shining, her rosy mouth curling most lovingly about the spoon.

Writing in New Zealand

N. F. Hoggard

For many years New Zealand writing was heavily in debt to the English tradition and up to recent times authors persisted in the slavish trend of consciously or unconsciously imitating the English writer.

A tendency to make our novels a pale imitation of British novels showed itself from about 1860 on. Before this period, the people were, generally speaking, too preoccupied with developing the new land to concern themselves unduly with literature of any description. The only writing that appeared during this pioneering period took the form of newspaper sketches and poems of the diggings and bush camps, together with a number of political pamphlets on topics of the day. In 1873 Samuel Butler published a New Zealand novel, *Erewhon*, written in England on his return to that country after several years sheep-farming in the colony. It was a story, of course, that might have been set in any country — although the author sprinkled it with Maori names (often mis-spelt), and descriptions of the countryside. The locale was South Island.

In the 60's, the ballads of Thomas Bracken, a Wellington journalist, enjoyed some popularity. His verses were later published in book form, under the title *Musings in Maoriland*. They dealt with the life of the settlers in a new land, of experiences in the gold-fields and such-like themes in the traditional narrative style of Bret Harte and the Australian poet, Henry Lawson. Various authors published ballads of this kind and the form remained in some vogue until about 1920.

Several novelists between 1902 and 1920 deserve at least passing reference. They include William Satchell, whose "The Greenstone Door", dealt with relationships between Maori and pakeha, and is something of a classic; G. B. Lancaster, whose action and historical novels enjoyed a wide success; and later, Jane Mander, who died only a few years ago. Her "Story of a New Zealand River", depicting life in the North Auckland timber mills attracted considerable attention at the time of its publication in 1920.

It is generally acknowledged, however, that the work of Katherine Mansfield was the first attempt by a native born writer to produce creative work, stamped with a maturity that placed her early in the ranks of writers of international significance. Katherine Mansfield in her short life of 35 years (she died in France in 1926), revealed in her short stories and in her poems, a strong kinship with Tchekov. She belonged to the European tradition.

In the light of the world-wide recognition of Katherine Mansfield, the art of her successors suffered by comparison. The one exception, perhaps, was Frank Sargeson, whose "Conversation with My Uncle" (Unicorn Press), published in 1936, gave promise of the richer harvest to come 4 years later. Sargeson's short sketches of New Zealand life and character were a continuation of the literary heritage of Katherine Mansfield, with the new attributes of masculine penetration and insight.

The keynote of Sargeson's work was its simplicity, its quiet humour, its searching analysis of the New Zealand character, and above all, its deep sincerity. His moving book, "A Man and His Wife", was published by the Caxton Press in 1940. "When the Wind Blows" (1945) was rather a long short story than a novel. It was episodic and brilliant. A later book, "That Summer" was published in London by John Lehmann. He also edited a few years ago, an anthology of contemporary short stories, "Speaking for Ourselves" (Caxton Press). Some of his work has been translated into French.

The past 20 years have seen the crystallisation of a new school of writing in the Dominion — in both prose and verse — personified by such poets as Allen Curnow, A.R.D. Fairburn, R.A.K. Mason, Denis Glover, James Baxter, and such prose writers as M.H. Holcroft and W. D'Arcy Cresswell. The new tendencies were exemplified by an intellectual approach, a fierce probing into the country's history and background; less of the earlier superficial and emotional approach to life and to literature that was evident in the work of their predecessors. Some of the earthiness of a native literature was now manifesting itself. Influences from abroad, notably Faulkner, Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway and Saroyan had their counterparts in the work of G.R. Gilbert, Maurice Duggan and D.W. Ballantyne. This was particularly noticeable in the short story. Gilbert was the author of a volume of short stories, "Free to Laugh and Dance"; Duggan had appeared in various magazines and at least one anthology; and Ballantyne's first novel, "The Cunninghams", a clever delineation of an average New

Zealand working class family, was published in the United States of America, only in 1949. These three writers were typical products of the early 1940's, when some of their first efforts were published in the little magazines of the time.

John Mulgan gained a measure of overseas acclaim on the publication of his psychological novel, "Man Alone" in 1939. In a lighter vein, Ngaio Marsh won and exploited a considerable reputation in the world of detective-story writing. Her first novel, "A Man Lay Dead", (Bles, London), appeared in 1934. In the last year or two she has turned to play producing with a remarkable degree of success.

In the narrow field of sociology, John A. Lee, an ex-Member of Parliament, adopted the mantle of Jack London in 1934, with the publication of his first novel, "Children of the Poor", a biting, realistic autobiographical denunciation of a boy's life in a Dunedin Reformatory School some 40 years ago. New Zealand complacency was rudely shattered when this book appeared, but we are not quite so insular and narrow-minded today. Lee published two or three other novels, all of them in a tough vein, and for some years past has been publishing a forthnightly radical paper, which is the mouthpiece of the Democratic Labour Party.

During the past two decades, New Zealand has produced a prolific school of minor poets. Some have published small collections of their work and most have appeared in local anthologies. "New Zealand Best Poems", an annual collection, edited by the late Charles Marris (former editor of "Art in New Zealand"), and published by Harry Tombs appeared for a number of years. It provided a regular platform for those poets whose work, published during the year in assorted magazines, was deemed worthy of representation in more permanent format. These poets included Robin Hyde, who was also a novelist and journalist; Gloria Rawlinson, Henry Brennan, Helena Henderson, Helen Brookfield, Eve Langley, C.R. Allen, Paula Hanger, Arnold Cork, F. Alexa Stevens, and others.

Literary periodicals in this country have never enjoyed a satisfactory circulation and there have been many casualties in their ranks. "Art in New Zealand", founded in Wellington in 1928 by Harry Tombs, was a quarterly magazine devoted to art in its many manifestations in the Dominion. It ceased publication after 17 years (this span of life was exceptional) and never at any time paid its way.

Another long-lived periodical, "The New Zealand Magazine", (founded in 1920), still appears spasmodically and features short

stories as well as general articles of topical appeal.

Some five years ago, "New Zealand New Writing" (based on the Penguin New Writing, of London) appeared under the erudite editorship of Professor Ian Gordon, of Victoria University College, Wellington. It published short stories, poems, essays and book reviews. There was a core of good work in the four numbers that were produced. Unfortunately, the co-operative publishing society handling it was involved in financial difficulties over other publications, and was forced to close down, abruptly ending the life of the new periodical. Given time, "New Zealand New Writing" might have grown into a lusty and much-needed vehicle of expression for new and "avant garde" writing.

At the time of writing our most successful literary magazine (circulation about 3000), appears to be "Landfall", a quarterly edited by Charles Brasch, and published by the Caxton Press. It was established in 1947.

The formation of the State Literary Fund by the former Labour Government aroused a certain amount of controversy — there being strong partisans for and against this method of assisting the native writer. To date the literary grant of £2,500 per annum has been awarded in the form of individual grants to writers recommended by a special committee. Grants have been awarded for novels, poetry (in book form) and essays — also to publishers for the purpose of sponsoring certain literary works. The most disconcerting feature of the Literary Fund is that the awards are rarely given for experimental writing, but are usually confined to established authors of historical works, conventional poetry and unimaginative fiction. There are signs, however, that future selections are to be on a wider and more catholic basis than hitherto.

Literature in New Zealand has gained much impetus under the aegis of the Caxton Press of Christchurch. Founded by Dennis Glover, who forfeited a lectureship at Canterbury University College to engage in the practical craft of printing, the press in 20 years has published the work of most of our progressive writers, including Allen Curnow. Curnow is considered the Dominion's leading poet today. His anthology, "Book of New Zealand Verse", published in 1945, gained the distinction of being regarded by critics as the most up-to-date appraisal of contemporary poetry that has yet appeared in New Zealand. His critical introduction to this volume was of particular value in assessing the country's literary advancement.

The small presses * in the last decade or so have made a number of interesting contributions to New Zealand letters, and the Caxton Press has influenced the larger publishing houses, encouraging them to publish new writers and leading them to adopt more attractive formats for their books.

The Unicorn Press, Auckland, introduced to the public the sympathetic, matter-of-fact stories of Roderick Finlayson, who decried civilization's intrusion into the country districts with its cheap synthetic culture of the city, and who interpreted he Maori character so well Finlayson's "Brown Man's Burden" and "Tidal Creek" (the latter published by Angus and Robertson, Sydney in 1949) showed a deeply sincere writer whose uncomplicated plots were drawn from family life on farms, from Maori villages and country townships.

The Wellington publishing house of Harry H. Tombs Ltd. (The Wingfield Press), has been responsible in recent years for the "Arts Year Book". This attractive volume features reproductions of contemporary painting in colour and black and white, and articles by various authorities on art, architecture, music, drama and poetry. Poems by leading poets are contributed to the volume which is priced at 15/— per copy.

There are many aspects of New Zealand literature that have had to be omitted in this limited survey. It is hoped, however, that this article will provide a certain amount of factual information for Canadian readers on cultural activities and literary progress in this somewhat culturally-starved Antipodean outpost.

* These presses include the Unicorn Press (now the Griffin Press), the Pelorus Press, The Colenso Press (Auckland); the Handcraft Press (Wellington); the Caxton Press and Pegasus Press (Christchurch).

Film

Belle Pomer

THREE FINE FILMS

As Rotha remarks, one of the evils of the present system of film distribution, in which the film-makers own or control large numbers of movie-houses across the country, is that the movie-houses must show a certain number of poor films every year. Consequently we are afflicted with periodic doldrums, when all the first-run houses show their fourth-rate films simultaneously. At such times it is useful to have a mental list of good films, which we perhaps missed, and which we might catch at a small or independent theatre. Here are three films to add to your list.

* * * *

If you have not seen *Cyrano de Bergerac* before the age of twenty, you have missed something. For when you are seventeen, *Cyrano* casts a complete spell. It is not only the enchantment of the splendid things that have been done with words, but that at adolescence Cyrano seems to be the perfect hero. He is the man of action who is at the same time articulate — a combination of Hamlet and Douglas Fairbanks. And since, at seventeen, we line ourselves automatically with the rebel, Cyrano stands in the most magnificent of heroic situations, alone against the world. And at seventeen, too, unrequited love or a tragic ending, however presented, can move us to a depth which later is reserved for the really great tragedies of literature.

But even years later Cyrano is still attractive company. His wit is as delightful as ever, and his heroics take on a new meaning. We find that after all he has something in him of the real tragic hero, the man whose great possibilities are wasted because he is destroyed by his defects. Certainly Cyrano's wit and bravado are tinged with the pathos of the man who imagines that people are laughing at him, and who consequently goes about with a chip on his shoulder, provoking quarrels, making enemies, with little or no justification. He may do this, as Cyrano does, in the name of liberty, artistic independence, or truth; or it may be for less worthy motives. In either case, there is no working compromise for him: he carries everything to extremes, and while the voice of common-sense walks

despised and ignored by his side, he flings himself against the existing structure of society and invites destruction. Rostand's portrait impresses any audience, in spite of the limitations of romanticism and of a setting which seems often to confuse superficial values with the eternal ones.

There are however, a number of things which prevent *Cyrano de Bergerac* from being altogether successful as a film. Certain of these are inevitable. For one thing, both the action and the emotion of the play are caught in words, not deeds — a more serious fault in a movie than in a play. Still, to lose a line would be to lose Cyrano. But there is no excuse for simply photographing stage settings. The most serious fault in *Cyrano* as a film is that it is not Paris you are seeing, but a series of cardboard backdrops. On the other hand, following the play more closely would have avoided the ridiculous and unconvincing spectacle of Cyrano vanquishing single-handed a large party of assassins. Finally, the supporting roles are all poorly acted; this however is not as important a defect as it would be in most films, for *Cyrano de Bergerac,* both play and film, is virtually a one-man show, and Mr. Ferrer is the man to handle it.

The camera does have one or two advantages besides that of bringing Mr. Ferrer's performance to a wider audience than he reached with the stage play. The camera's treatment of light and shadow, for example, makes the balcony scene far more convincing than it was in the play. And the camera's closer scrutiny of Mr. Ferrer's considerable talent will give fresh pleasure to those who enjoyed his stage Cyrano. Altogether, in spite of its failings as a film, *Cyrano de Bergerac* makes a fine evening's entertainment.

* * * *

The little opera shorts that are often used as fillers by cinemas specializing in foreign films are witness to the fact that, at its worst, nothing could be more ludicrous than film versions of the operas. However, some full-length opera films have been very successful in their combination of film technique and operatic tradition. Of these the German-made *Marriage of Figaro* is one.

The film-opera allows its director to select singers for their voices, and actors for their acting ability, and to combine the two. Except in the rare case of the singer who can also act, like Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender as Figaro, this technique is absolutely necessary; for although shortcomings in acting can, under the spell of music, be more or less glossed over at stage distance, they are magnified a

thousandfold under the camera's eye. The success of the split is not dependent on synchronization alone: if the film is to remain an *opera,* and not a story accompanied by music, the acting must carry the illusion that it is really the actors who are doing the singing.

The Marriage of Figaro surmounts this hurdle expertly. The voices are superb, the acting parts well-cast and competently handled. Under capable direction, the camera moves easily in and about the castle setting, giving a feeling of freedom and variety, but at the same time retaining the stage-unity of an actual performance. Having dispensed with awkwardness in combining two difficult techniques, the *Marriage of Figaro* is, like its original, highly diverting.

* * * *

The Titan arrived quietly. The theatre marquee said modestly, "The Titan — the Work of Michelangelo", and inside, the little theatre was scarcely half-full. We sat and watched a film vibrant with sympathy and understanding for a great creative genius. The elements of film-making were resolved on so unified a note, that it was not until later, when we set to it deliberately, that we could disentangle them.

The commentary, excellently delivered by Frederic March, is intelligent and restrained. It is not too advanced for the novice, nor too naive for the initiated. There is no toadying with bits of human interest; only as much of Michangelo's personal life is given as is necessary for a background to his work. At the same time, with the skilful blending of background music, a sincere and moving interpretation, and a sensitive camera with caressing eye — though none of these obtrudes itself for a moment from its subordinate purpose of pointing up the subject in hand — the presentation of the artist's work achieves a genuine dramatic quality.

Those whose only acquaintance with the sculpture of Michelangelo has been necessarily limited to illustrations in art texts will find the third dimension of the camera breathtaking. For those who have seen his work and found such illustrations an all too pale reminder of the living stone, the loving camera-strokes come closer than they have any right to except to the feel of the marble under their hands. Add to this the high level of taste, the honesty and warmth of the technique which the film possesses, and it is evident that the mighty works of Michelangelo have not been brought to us in an orange crate by a vulgar showman. *The Titan* is a work of great competence about a worker of great genius.

BOOKS

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY by James Jones. Published in Canada by S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd., Toronto. Price: $5.25. 861 pages.

This novel has created a minor sensation in the United States. It has been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and it will soon be filmed in Hollywood. It is a good book, but its real value is rather hard to estimate.

When any literary form becomes the accepted medium for writers at a given period, criticism finds itself faced with a difficult job. The form is developed to a point of sophisticated perfection; it is chosen to meet current needs and is adapted further to make it more and more suitable, until new writers seem to be born with the ability to use it, as an extra instinct.

The novel in this century is like the drama in the sixteenth. Our poetry, like Elizabethan sonnet sequences, is read by a relatively small group, but the novel is a bridge between the intellectuals and the general public. It is the perfect answer to the twentieth century need for self-expression : the need to analyse our own experience and, even more, *to be conscious* of our own experience and to recreate in words the climate of our lives. Books have always reflected the lives and environments of their writers, but never with such deliberate concentration before. The novel has become a marvellous instrument, and it is hard to tell when it is being used by a genius and when the user is simply a skilful craftsman.

James Jones, though probably not a genius, is obviously skilful, intelligent and sincere. His novel is about the U.S. Army in peacetime and ends soon after the attack on Pearl Harbour. He has recreated the atmosphere of an Army post in Hawaii very convincingly. It is not necessary to be familiar with Army life in Hawaii in order to realize that Jones is writing with a passionate determination to express the essence of a personal experience — a personal vision of experience. He expresses it very vividly. His two central characters, Sgt. Warden and Pte. Prewitt, are admirably drawn; the minor characters are almost all competently handled. There are three or four scenes which are a joy to read; the general level of the writing is high. Jones could

obviously write at least three more major novels. There are passages in this book which suggest plenty of material in reserve, but Jones does not allow his minor themes to get out of control as Thomas Wolfe (with whom he has been compared) occasionally did.

There has been the usual fuss about Jones' use of four-letter words. There are quite a lot of them in the book, but they are not obtrusive. Jones is apparently unselfconscious about them. He describes prostitutes without first saying, in effect, "now I intend to be realistic about prostitutes." He does not seem to feel the horror which underlies James Joyce's descriptions, for example. It may be morally reprehensible to be unhorrified by this subject; but it is more effective if, in writing about men who take prostitution for granted, you can take it for granted yourself.. Few writers seem able to do this.

The book is straightforward and full of action. Relatively little space is devoted to the states of mind of the characters. The theme, however, is the familiar one: modern man in search of a soul. The injustice and cruelty of the Army become symbolic of modern civilization : the struggle of individual soldiers to preserve their self-respect becomes the struggle of all individuals against "the System." The officers are not to blame for their oppression of the rank and file, but a man who becames an officer might just as well be dead. Jack Malloy, a minor character with an important role, preaches a philosophy of passive resistance in the face of these evils. He envisages a love of mankind which is beyond the need to forgive, because it is involved with the beloved in a relationship which accepts treachery as inevitable. He talks about the evolution of a new religion without the concept of sin, error being recognized as a necessary part of growth. (This is the natural corollary of the current intellectual belief : "Everybody is guilty" — "Nobody is guilty".) But this attempt to become invulnerable through understanding is offset by the intense hatred for individual representatives of the System which the characters and the author himself display. The hatred does not turn into self-pity : it remains hatred. The inability to reconcile the anger with the understanding which would make him invulnerable is itself exploited by the writer, and is presented with a certain irony.

The paradox seems to be that understanding cannot be achieved at the price of detachment. When you fight the System it is good to be invincible, but it is fatal to be invulnerable.

In one scene a lieutenant, watching his men preparing for action, looks at them "sadly and without acknowlegmeent from across

a great gulf of years and pity and superior knowledge, his eyes set in a powerful emotion, a look of great age and fearful responsibility on his face." The sergeant, standing nearby and watching him, wants to boot him hard in the ass. Jones obviously sympathizes with the sergeant, and it is rather a relief, since most of his literary colleagues would have been happy to share the pity and superior knowledge of the lieutenant. The soldiers about whom Jones writes are not unconscious morons caught in a trap, whose primitive resactions have to be carefully translated into comprehensible English by the novelist: they are actually both Average Men and human beings at the same time.

From Here to Eternity is a novel about the U.S. Army, and its philosophical implications are probably less important than this review suggests. However, I believe that they were important to the writer; and they may be of some help in answering the question we began with. A writer's philosophy is not the criterion of his talent. However, when it becomes difficult to pick out the really good things from a superabundance of pretty good ones, the "philosophy" (please take the word in the spirit in which it is meant) may be a deciding factor. From this point of view, James Jones is pretty good but not quite good enough; at any rate, not now. The fact that he might possibly agree with this statement is one of the best things about him..

Audrey Aikman.

INDIAN TIME, published by Douglas Wilkinson, P.O. Box 241, Vancouver.

The fourth issue of this mimeographed monthly devoted to Indian life in British Columbia is noteworthy because of its contribution to the arts on the West Coast. New light falls on the interchange of cultures that is developing in the province. The work of the early painter-explorer, Paul Kane, who delineated the Indian face, and of Emily Carr, who explored the Indian soul, awakened the white population to the need for conserving Indian art, and, eventually, inspired the use of Indian motifs and techniques in creative art generally.

Indian Time — though strictly a Native Indian publication — illustrates what has happened. The cover design of the current issue is taken from an early Chilkat design depicting the origin of the

world. It was copied by Cliff Robinson, a western occidental artist, who has been teaching and exhibiting at the University of British Columbia for the past few years. He has included three other fine line drawings of Indian subjects, taken from totem pole carvings. Robinson's own paintings, highly original and satiric, have made bold use of the Indian motif. Jack Shadbolt's more recent paintings, shown last year in New York, quite frankly drew their inspiration from the native image, the anthropological view of the world as found in Indian culture. In a more commercial medium Kit Thorne paints illustrations of Indian legend.

All this, perhaps, was to be expected. It finds its parallel in literature, with Indian themes occupying the attention of translators like Hermia Fraser and Eloise Street, and forming the basis of work-in-progress by Floris McLaren and Dorothy Livesay. In music Lenard Basham was one of the first to use Indian motifs and rhythms, and the Vancouver composer Jean Coulthard Adams has set Constance Lindsay Skinner's Haida translations to music. And since the source material in dance, music, song and design has only been touched upon, it looks as if Canadian art itself will be further enriched by contact with the ancient Indian culture.

There is a reverse side to the story as well. What about the young Indians today who have within themselves a strong creative impulse? Will it find outlet in the carrying on of tradition, the faithful and necessary work of re-vivifying and bringing to light the dying motifs, the unwritten songs of the people? Or is there already some restiveness among them, a feeling they should not be constrained by tradition?

George Clutesi and Judith Morgan, both of them Indian painters of Vancouver Island, illustrate the problem. Clutesi, an older man with a family to raise, is deeply imbued with the ancient Indian legends, community life and art forms; but he does not restrict himself to the old methods of expression, the wood carving and textile design; he gives the myths of his race a fantastic, shadowy yet powerful vigor as he translates them into paint. Judith Morgan, still in her teens, was given help through the department of Indian affairs to study art in Victoria and her exhibit last year created wide interest. But Judith is going through Normal School to become a teacher; and she is reported to be mainly concerned with painting the world around her, as any young artist wants to do.

A most interesting example of the changes taking place is

found in the work of thirteen-year-old David Neel of Vancouver. David comes of a long line of famous totem-carvers. His great-uncle is Mungo Martin of Alert Bay, the last remaining native carver who has sufficient knowledge of his craft to be able to restore totem poles. He it was who taught David's mother, Ellen Neel, so that she was able to start carving her own totems her own way, and set up a shop in Stanley Park.

As David was found to have a talent for carving and drawing, he was at first encouraged to make masks, and depict scenes of Indian village life. But this spring his two pictures shown at the Children's Art Exhibit in Vancouver are sophisticated drawings, intensely vigorous, full of action. Their titles? "Turnabout" — a circus scene; and "The War in Korea." Either of these pictures, in their conception at least, would do justice to an adult. They are neither child paintings, nor Indian paintings. They belong to all of us, and to our time.

So while the various efforts to preserve Indian culture — by the creation of the "Totem Park" and the museum of Indian art at the University of British Columbia, and by the performance of native Indian dances and of the "Opera" of Tsingquaw — are commendable and have historic value, it is more exciting to see creative talent coming from the native people and adding to Canadian culture as a whole!

May it be encouraged, so that economic handicaps will not prevent these young people from studying and developing as their spirit directs them.

Dorothy Livesay.

THE BURNS MANTLE BEST PLAYS OF 1949-1950, edited by John Chapman. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York (In Canada, McClelland & Stewart, Toronto).

It used to be fashionable to express regret that the Venus de Milo reached us without arms, but now any kind of amputation, even on the "Best", passes for plastic surgery, so long as it saves a reader's "valuable" time. Most, if not all of these plays or the novels from which they were adapted are published and available to the public in complete form. It is difficult to understand why the "Best" plays should be presented with only odd parts of their anatomy intact, strung feebly together by puppet strings of synopsis. If they were the best plays of next, rather than last year, such a publication might

be useful as a theatre-goers guide, but being published after the fact, the book would not even seem to serve the usual purposes of digests, that of furnishing material for chit-chat to those people who must appear well informed without going to the expense of time and effort to really become so.

M.L.H.

RHYTHM IN THE NOVEL, by E. K. Brown. University of Toronto Press — Saunders. Toronto, pp. XIII, 118. $3.00.

Any book which purports to deal in general critical terms with the novel is a good thing. It is surprising, considering the position which it holds in modern literature, both on the popular and the aesthetic level, that there should be so few even reasonably able works on the novel. There is a good deal of vague chatter about novels and novelists in sundry magazines and books, there is much book-reviewing disguised as criticism, there are the endemic manuals on writing novels, but really penetrating studies, even of individual works or authors, let alone of the whole genre, are scarce. Anyone then, with more than a superficial reading interest in fiction, will, on the strength of the title alone, welcome this book by Professor Brown *, the substance of which comprised the Alexander Lectures at the University of Toronto for 1949-50.

The problem of structure or pattern in the novel must eventually be dealt with comprehensively. But first the terms will have to be precisely differentiated and defined, the materials gathered, appraised, and some historical and comparative shape given to them, and then a major work on the novel may be expected. *Rhythm in the Novel* is not such a work, nor does Professor Brown claim to attempt anything more than isolate "a single element or group of elements in the novel".

In a little over a hundred pages, three different modes of rhythm, "repetition with variations", are dealt with: repetition of phrase, character, or incident; expanding symbols; and interweaving themes. Examples are taken from many varied writers, such as Tolstoy, Virginia Woolf, Proust, George Moore, and particularly E. M. Forster, whose *A Passage to India* is given a comparatively full anal-

* Professor E. K. Brown, well-known in Canada for his book *On Canadian Poetry*, has died since this review was written. His death occurred at Chicago, on Monday, April 23rd.

ysis in the concluding chapter. Due doubtless to the exigencies of the original form of the work, the public lecture, and to the necessarily limited space of time, the treatment of both the selected elements and the examples tends to be more provocative than profound. Only the analysis of E. M. Forster's novels, especially the last chapter on *A Passage to India,* seems to give much more than an elementary insight into the problem of rhythm. This follows naturally from the actual motivating structure of Professor Brown's work, and it is at this point that the major point of criticism must be raised.

The jacket blurb is charmingly frank about the whole matter. "E. K. Brown has taken E. M. Forster as the basis for discussion . . . The exposition of this study . . . will remind the reader of E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel.*" Professor Brown "begins with Forster's definition of rhythm", employs Forster's different modes or repetition, uses the same examples that Forster does in many cases, and is at his best applying the total analytic apparatus to the novels of Forster. Because of this, Professor Brown's book is a lucidly presented introduction to some aspects of "rhythm" as employed by E. M. Forster, but as a work on rhythm in the novel it is misconceived.

Ronald Bates.

OF TIME AND THE LOVER, by James Wreford. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 92 pages. $2.75.

In his pompously titled collection of poems, *Of Time and The Lover,* Mr. Wreford plies back and forth between the ports of Time and Love neither disembarking his passengers onto fresh territories nor even supplying them with seasick powders. Indeed, this kind of poetry does sicken, but more than that, it frightens. His continual lusting after time to stand still, and his intent to make love's "high moment" eternity, bespeak something of reaction. Certainly retreat is a primary response here — primary and hence essentially unphilosphical. It is this failure to attain a mature and resilient realism which makes these poems, more often than not, gross, exaggerated and frightening. These overtones of decadence are well exemplified in the pretentious innocence of *Stay, Time* and in the rhythmically skittering *The Timeless Moment,* although it must be admitted that these are among his slighter poems. For Mr. Wreford, Love is going to save the world — as well it might — but his love, I am afraid, is self pity

and self-torture, something to separate him and his "little lover" from "the failing race". This retreat seems little less than a morbid introversion quite unlikely to deliver us from "The thunder of the Dark/ and the last Fear" of which he so passionately speaks.

And what of his technique? Skillful? Yes. Easy? I would guess so. Inoffensive? Very. The familiar words familiarly used do not reverberate to new significances — they simply stand pat: Spring, Winter, Love, Princes, Thrones, Darling become, in his hands, almost less than themselves. And the most flatulent of his words, "Time", is his most favoured. Wreford's concept of time (the word is used no less than four times in a four short-lined stanza) has given us little that is new or energetic, and, for some reason, his use of the word carries no historical suggestiveness — although this is possibly more pardonable than its lack of vitality and originality. Wreford may be quite sincere, but it is difficult to believe in his sincerity in these poems. However, if you choose your book by its cover, then this, the fourth in the tastefully designed and bound Indian File Series, is certainly a "must".

P.J.W.

Correspondence

THE EDITORS:

At the cost of adding to the criticism which seems to be crowding poetry out of *Northern Review,* and to which I have myself already added a share, I would like to put in question the present policy and direction which you have adopted and which is most recently exemplified by John Sutherland's article on Archibald Lampman, entitled "Edgar Allan Poe in Canada". The point of the article is that some of the late poetry of Lampman is entirely indebted and mortgaged to Edgar Allan Poe: the implication being that poets who are indebted in this way must stand somewhere beneath contempt; also, by implication, that Canadians who follow foreign lights must beware of committing the sins of Lampman and of deserving the same castigation. The article on music in the same number, though in other ways it appears to be sharp and expert criticism, makes the point against several Canadian composers that they have imitated Debussy or Delius. Canadian painters are, probably, imitating Picasso, Matisse, and Rouault. This has been the direction of criticism in *Northern Review* for some time. I think that even at this late date the magazine should open its pages for a thorough discussion of the underlying issues of this critical stand. Is the indebtedness of Canadian writers to other artists in the past and present a sort of crime for which they can be placed in the stocks? We would question the critical law by which we are to be condemned. After all, indebtedness to other writers, properly acknowledged, or unconcealed, could be considered a merit. It reveals a capacity to learn. The failure to produce a finished work is no greater in one who has worked hard for it than in one who has relied only on his natural talents.

For the present, I would like to bring forward two or three examples (there are thousands like these collected yearly by the Ph.D. researchers of America) to bring out what I think is one of the defects, for us, of John Sutherland's method of criticism, i.e., the method of picking out apparent source passages for a victimized author.

As Exhibit A, I have some lines from Jean de Meun's section of the *Roman de la Rose,* which in the English translation read:

"'Tis well she take especial care

That in the sauce her fingers ne'er
She dip beyond the joint . . .
That she no sauce or morsel spill
About her breast-cloth . . .
And first should she
Her upper lip wipe delicately,
Lest, having drunk, a grease-formed groat
Were seen upon the wine to float."

Italics are not even necessary. You will recognize the imitation which the derivative poet Chaucer made of these lines in his famous portrait of the Prioresse:

"She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingers in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.
Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte."

One may say, "We expect that sort of thing in the Middle Ages." But the same kind of borrowing may be found (see the Publications of the Modern Library Association) in poets from Chaucer through Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, up to Robert Burns, who made a memorable pair of lines out of these mediocre ones of Blair:

"The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away."

Perhaps the romantics who followed, and the nineteenth century poets, made more point of unmixed originality. Perhaps, as Matthew Arnold said, they "did not know enough" to do better. At any rate, apart from American painters who now spread original paint on the canvas as if it were ketchup and devilled-eggs in one paste, and apart from the few romantic originals who still carry their tattered flag amongst us as poets, the best work of the last forty years has been done in an imitative and even derivative fashion. The method is called learning, finding the "tradition". Also "translating".

Dante wrote:

"Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma."

And T. S. Eliot translated it:

"Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
Undid me."

Theophile Gautier in *Emaux et Camées :*

"Mais l'Olympe cède au Calvaire,
Jupiter au Nazaréen."

And Pound, in *Mauberley :*

"Christ follows Dionysus,
Phallic and ambrosial
Made way for maceretions ;
Caliban casts out Ariel."

All this is "part of the process," as

"The wind is part of the process
The rain is part of the process . . ."

"translated", from Confucius, 500 B.C.

We cut ourselves off from the main tradition of poetry, and from the best practice in modern poetry, when we set ourselves against "foreign influence" and try to defend something "native" or "original". There is nothing native and original but barbarism.

I would state the proposition, in contrast to *Northern Review* policy at present, that there can be no good poet, no poet who can improve after his first personal (and probably most imitative) effort, who does not absorb and learn his trade from other poets. The method, whether deliberate or spontaneous, is imitation. If the poet has any individuality in him, he cannot lose it.

Even in saying this, I am not saying anything original. It has been said a hundred times by the principal poet of our time, whom I consider Ezra Pound to be, and from whom I have derived it.

Canadian poets are probably perfectly aware that one can match lines and phrases, rhythms, feeling and tone, and even specific images in their poetry with the poetry they have most admired and followed. It is pedantic work to go over these traces, and only occasionally interesting and useful. What Canadian poets need is not criticism of their assimilative methods (in fact, there is *not enough* assimilation), but a sense of participation, at least an opportunity of talking and thinking about poetry which they can share with one another and with poets outside. Agreement is not necessary. But a common element in which to live is necessary. In this way one adds to what one assimilates.

It is necessary to add as well as to assimilate. This is the paradox. Literature today has something that is not at all conservative about it: it is not its purpose to repeat what has been said in the same way or better in the past. It must renew the tradition. The

writer must experiment with his materials in such a way as to make his communication again the vivid and explosive concentrate that poetry is. As Pound says, "Willingness to experiment is not enough, but unwillingness to experiment is mere death." What is the procedure? Does one try to repeat "Prufrock" or "The Wasteland"? Repeat Robert Frost? Gerard Manley Hopkins? No; but one may use materials from sources like these to point directions, to make a new complex, to carry one's own personal statement a step further or into a special way of imagining: and this is the experiment, the newly created poem.

In Canada, where we have had experiment of the right sort it has been without enough poetic sense behind it, without tradition. And where we have had tradition, it has been a dead tradition without renovation and experiment. A glance in retrospect at modern poetry in England, and in France, will show how these two elements are extravagantly combined by the best poets: they have ransacked the past, and they have worked with the spoils as if that were the raw material of art. In Canada we have Raymond Souster, who has the talent of a first-rate poet, as anyone will admit who has read his books sympathetically; but his experiment has been on a small scale so far. Only recently he has shown signs of going deeper into the poetic past, of rounding out and strengthening his expression. We must expect a sacrifice before a poet can reach his maturity. But who knows how far this can be done in Canada? James Reaney is a more recent talent, with a variety of poetic background greater than Souster's. He can also experiment. But he already feels that he is being smothered by the Canadian pattern of convention and lifeless tradition. He is hardly allowed to develop in the two directions of freedom and knowledge at once: when he attempted a thorough revision of his first work, he was at once accused of spoiling good poems. The critic should learn to respect and recognize both the freedom of the experimenter and the labour of the craftsman: the one may sometimes need to sacrifice something to the other.

My point is that in Canada the two kinds of virtue are not understood in combination. The fresh poet is marked down as an *enfant terrible*, or a *naïf*, and sometimes lives up to the reputation; and the poet who develops in the wide field of poetry is said to lapse into dull conventionality and academicism — and he often does! We must come to realize that these antitheses are the poles between which the poet ought in fact to move, with the greatest possible tension

and wear and tear of his faculties. Poetry is not an easy game. But is it the most exciting, because it is most like life.

Now, it seems to me that the present sort of criticism in *Northern Review*, if it should succeed in its aim (that is, the aim to place the Canadian writer thoroughly on guard against outside influences, to make him aware of his "native" quality — in other words to restrict both his experimentation and his assimilation of the modern tradition), if this should succeed it would actually set Canadian poetry back for the next thirty or forty years to where it was in 1925. I am sure that such an effect is the last thing that you as editors desire. Also, I am sure that Canadian writers have more resistance to such an editorial message than appears. Canadian poets in the past have learned from better poets than themselves — the living and the dead — and they will continue to do so. If they learn enough, we may yet have a literature. That, in fact, is the only way to create a native Canadian literature: by transplanting the great common tradition to our own soil, and keeping it alive.

Louis Dudek, *New York.*

Mr. Dudek mentions two articles which appeared in our last issue: Chester Duncan's review of *New Canadian Music* and John Sutherland's review of the poetry of Lampman. We think he mis-reads certain remarks by Mr. Duncan. Our reviewer was not critical of foreign influence on Canadian music, as Mr. Dudek suggests: in fact, he praised "one fine section" of a composition by Keith Bissell, which he said "sounded like eloquent Delius", and a passage by Maurice Dela which he compared with Fauré. Perhaps John Sutherland's review of Lampman was not specific enough on the point raised by Mr. Dudek. The reviewer did not intend to suggest that Lampman, or any Canadian poet, was to be criticized because he went to school with foreign writers. His argument was that Lampman's dependence on a particular poet — E. A. Poe — in some of his late poems, illuminated a basic weakness in the poet's sensibility and underlined his failure to achieve an individual expression.

In general, we do not think that the area of disagreement between ourselves and Mr. Dudek is as great as he assumes. We summed up our policy as follows in an editorial published in our issue for October-November '49:

We are aware that the determination of the distinctive or in

dividual quality of an art is not identical with a comprehensive judgment of its value. But we believe that this is the logical critical approach to Canadian art in its present tentative state of development, and that, in fact, it represents the best practical way of employing and understanding our cosmopolitan background.

While we spoke here of the critic, we obviously assumed that the artist himself must employ the cosmopolitan tradition, and that he would do so in fact when he expressed that tradition in some individual way. Mr. Dudek says about the same thing in the last sentence of his letter: "That, in fact, is the only way to create a native Canadian literature: by transplanting the great common tradition to our own soil, and keeping it alive." We fully agree with that conclusion.

The Editors.

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THE NORTHERN REVIEW AWARDS, 1950-51

It is the policy of Northern Review to emphasize the increasingly native character of Canadian literature, while recognizing the close ties between Canadian and non-Canadian writers and the need for an exchange of ideas and techniques. With these aims in mind, we are announcing four prizes for creative writing of seventy-five dollars each, to be awarded on the basis of work published in the magazine during the year of publication beginning October, 1950. They consist of the following:

(1) Two prizes for verse and fiction available to Canadian writers only — that is, to writers born or domiciled in Canada.

(2) Two prizes for verse and fiction available to English-speaking writers in any country, including Canada.

The same writer of non-Canadian origin is eligible for both awards in (2). The same Canadian writer is eligible for all four awards. A poem or group of poems submitted by a Canadian writer may receive both awards for verse, and a work of fiction submitted by him may receive both awards for fiction.

The prizes have been made possible by the Northern Review Guarantors' Fund and by the generous donations of persons interested in encouraging the development of creative writing in Canada.

The judges for the poetry awards will be Dr. A. J. M. Smith, the editor of *The Book of Canadian Poetry*, Mr. Alan Crawley, the editor of *Contemporary Verse*, and Prof. L. A. MacKay, Canadian writer now professor of classics at the University of California. The judges for the fiction awards will be Mr. Hugh MacLennan, well-known Canadian novelist, Mr. Robert Weaver, director of the CBC programme, *Canadian Short Stories*, and Prof. Douglass Clarke of the faculty of Sir George Williams College, Montreal.

These conditions apply to all awards:

(a) The awards for poetry will be made to the authors of poems accepted by the editors and published in one of the six issues of Northern Review beginning with the issue for October-November, 1950, and ending with the issue for August-September, 1951.

The awards for fiction will be made to the authors of the best short stories or selections from a longer work of fiction accepted by the editors and published in the magazine during the same period.

(b) There are no special restrictions on the theme, form or length of the material submitted.

(c) Manuscripts previously published anywhere or in any form will not be considered.

Manuscripts may be accepted for publication at any time between now and July 15, 1951, the deadline for contributions to the issue of Northern Review for August-September, 1951. They should be addressed to The Editor, Northern Review, 2475 Van Horne Ave., Montreal, Canada, and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with Canadian postage or international postal coupons.

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Contributors to this Issue

RONALD BATES, a postgraduate student at the University of Toronto, has contributed verse and criticism to several of our issues.

ANDREW BELL is the author of many articles on Canadian painting and has been a frequent contributor to *Canadian Art.*

N. F. HOGGARD operates The Handcraft Press in Wellington, New Zealand, and publishes *Arena,* a literary quarterly.

DOROTHY LIVESAY is the author of *Day and Night, Poems for People* and other books of verse.

BELLE POMER, our film critic, who lives in Toronto, also contributes to *The Canadian Forum.*

DOROTHY ROBERTS (LEISNER), a relative of Charles G. D. Roberts, is associated with the State College in Philadelphia, U.S.A.

W. W. E. ROSS, the author of two books of verse, *Laconics* and *Sonnets,* has been a contributor to Canadian magazines and anthologies since 1925. He is on the staff of the Dominion weather bureau at Toronto.

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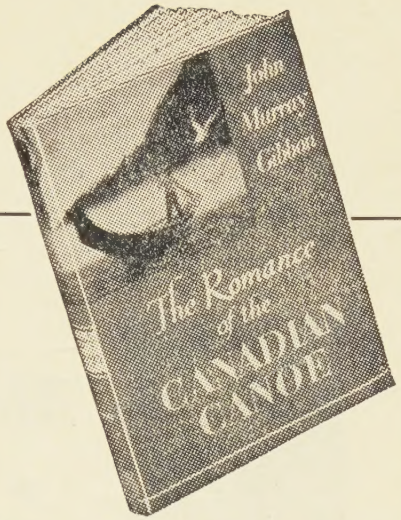

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